



Fried Rice



👁 28 ✓ 5 ★ 12

Chapter 1 by Rachel Dey

In a way it was four score and seven years ago when fried rice saved my life.

Chapter 2 by Caroline Danielski



I was playing soccer, my team was leading by four, the only points we had, when suddenly, the other team scored. Once, twice, thrice, and a fourth goal. They were about to score a fifth goal, and the largest defender was heading towards me... I was sure that I was going to die.

Chapter 3 by Kitiōn



It was at that split moment that somebody in the spectators stand hurled half a Chinese takeaway, and went flying through the air at lightning speed, and hit the defender on the side off his head, which resulted in rendering him unconscious after hitting the ground.

Since that day I have never underestimated the properties or benefits of fried rice, well that is until I had that close call at the Jamie Oliver cooking class!

Chapter 4 by thatsaintsgirl



After scoring the winning goal for my team thanks to the help of the fried rice, I devoted all my time to eating my meals at the local Chinese takeaway.

The takeaway was a small shop, located on a side road a few minutes from my house. The brick red paint of the sign outside was peeling and the drainpipe was rusty and covered in moss and

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the backs or seats. However I loved the takeaway and its welcoming smells, looks and tastes. Despite the worn down look of the takeaway and the apparent lack of customers, I always felt better there, as if my luck had just been changed.

As I walked in for the millionth time to have my usual order of fried rice and curried chicken and approached the now extremely familiar order counter, I could feel the hot steam of Chinese cooking on my face. I sighed in happiness, predicting another relaxing lunchtime in my favourite 'restaurant'.

The friendly shop owner Billy strode up to the counter and winked at me.

"Here again?" He asked with a cheeky grin, tapping at the computer screen with greasy fingers.

"Where else?" I replied with a laugh, "this is my favourite takeaway after all!"

"I can't get rid of you with my cooking, so I must be doing something right," he replied. "Your usual I take it?"

"Yes please, Billy". I headed over to my usual table and sat down on my usual chair with another recurring feeling of déjà vu.

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